

# Good Morning 664

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Christine  
Makes Her  
Bow to  
P.O. Albert  
Brookes



STUART MARTIN writes on  
AMERICAN CRIME

## The Granite Woman And Her Paramour

JAMES J. CONROY, Assistant District Attorney, Queens County, New York, told me that although he had handled scores of murder cases he never trailed a case so peculiarly shuddering as the Snyder-Gray one.

Maybe you remember the uproar it caused. Albert Snyder, art editor of a sports magazine, was brutally strangled to death at his home in Queens Village, Long Island, on March 27th, 1927. (There are people who say that all art editors should be murdered, but that is the hoary joke of newspaperdom. And anyway it is never their wives who say it.)

The trial of Al. Snyder's wife, Ruth, and her paramour, Henry Judd Gray, shocked not only America, but the world. The newspapers called her the Granite Woman, and lots more besides. In this case the newspapers were about right.

You have to go back of the trial to get some of the hidden facts I am going to relate—facts that are the real inside story that never came out. Just about 24 hours after the police had been notified of the crime James J. Conroy, A.D.A., swung into District Attorney Newcombe's office at 8 a.m.

Conroy had been telephoned to come at once. He went to his own room to throw his hat and coat on the stand. He noticed that his desk had been removed and in its place was a davenport. He stepped out to the corridor again, and almost collided with one of the police matrons, Mrs. Nan Hart.

Mrs. Hart was escorting a slender young woman who

appeared to be stunned at the news of the crime. And the slender young woman was Mrs. Ruth Snyder.

I remember her dress that fatal morning. She wore a handsome squirrel coat, a small hat. Yes, she looked a smarty.

The davenport had been placed in the office for her comfort and she took it at her ease. She seemed quite at home. First thing she did was to throw her wrap over the davenport and recline on the piece leisurely. And as she did so she spoke languidly in a kind of throaty voice. "Back to Waldorf Astoria," she drawled.

It was just then I peeked in at the door and saw the look on Conroy's face. The police matron saw it too. Said the matron: "No, she ain't crazy. She's referring to—"

But she got no farther for Inspector Gallagher, who was in charge of all the detectives in Queens County, stepped in, giving me a half-slip of his eyelid as he passed. I knew then it was a story.

For one thing Gallagher was unshaven. He had been on the job all night. For another, he had a terribly clear look in his eyes. And I knew when that look came into Gallagher's face he was hot on the scent and would never let up till he ran the job to conclusion.

This was Gallagher's story as he told it me.

At eight o'clock the previous morning, he had been notified that a man had been found dead at 9327, Two Hundred and Twenty-second Street. The

police doctor had already could have untied her ankles—marked his sheet D.O.A. (dead if she had been conscious?)

"You bet. But the neighbours put her to bed. She was suffering from shock, they said."

Says Gallagher: "What's the trouble?"

Says Tucker: "Guy by the name of Snyder found dead in bed. His wife claims there was a burglar. Neighbours across the way named Mulhauser discovered the body. Mrs. Snyder hasn't been told yet that Snyder's dead."

Gallagher stalked into the house, met there Detective Heyner who was standing thinking things out.

"What's up" says Gallagher.

Heyner got out of his thinking spell and replied: "Damn funny thing. She's upstairs in

The doctor said there was no doubt of that.

"Does she suspect that you think she is lying?" asked Gallagher swiftly, cleanly, without preliminaries.

"She knows it," answered the doctor grimly, "and she knows I know she is lying."

Gallagher went into the room where Mrs. Snyder was resting. It was a prettily furnished apartment. There were texts on the wall. One of them was: "Cast thy Burden on the Lord and He will sustain Thee."

"Mrs. Snyder," he said sympathetically, "I've come to get the rights of this affair. I'm sorry to intrude."

She lay watching him, and it seemed that her eyes were of a greenish tint... "Well?" she said. And then she told her story of attack by a burglar.

Gallagher listened, then went downstairs again and spoke to one of his men. Then back up to Mrs. Snyder. In a minute or so in comes the cop Gallagher had spoken to with a slip of paper in his hand.

"That man, chief," he announced, "is dead now."

Gallagher never looked at the cop; he was looking all the time at Mrs. Snyder. The whole thing was a trap. Gallagher wanted to know how she would take it, since she was supposed not to know her husband was dead.

She never blinked an eye.

She never made an exclamation. She never moved. But she was wide awake all the time. And there was no mark, no bruise to show where she had been struck down.

Gallagher left her and went downstairs. This time he met Lieutenant "Marty" Brown, who was also on the case. Brown motioned to Gallagher to come into a room and they sat down at a table.

"Were her hands bound?" asked Gallagher.

"No, but her feet were tied," Gallagher, "what have you

"Then," says Gallagher, "she found?"

"Ear that? 'E wants to see a menu!"

bed, and claims burglars knocked her out as she was walking along the corridor last night. Says a fur coat and jewels were stolen. Says she and her husband didn't hang together well, anyway. Looks funny to me."

Now Gallagher was a wise cop. He stalled on, began to look around the rooms. He noted that several things were lying around that no burglar would have left behind—sterling silver stuff. It looked to him as if somebody had been searching for something, in these rooms, not prying open things to steal.

From Tucker and other patrol men he got the information that the neighbours had found Mrs. Snyder lying in the corridor unconscious. They found her husband lying dead in a room where there were twin beds.

"Were her hands bound?" asked Gallagher.

"No, but her feet were tied," Gallagher, "what have you

"Then," says Gallagher, "she found?"



**Wangling Words No. 603****BILL'S LAPSE**

(Continued from Page 2)

'o' the kind, but Bill kept on as if he was drinking water.

"Think of the harmless pleasure you've been losing all these months, Bill," ses Ginger, smiling at him.

Bill said it wouldn't bear thinking of, and the next place they came to he said some rather 'ard things of the man who'd persuaded 'im to take the pledge. He 'ad two or three more there, and then they began to see that it was beginning to have an effect on 'im. The first one that noticed it was Ginger Dick. Bill 'ad just lit his pipe, and as he threw the match down he ses, "I don't like these 'ere safety matches," 'e ses.

"Don't you, Bill?" ses Ginger. "I do, rather." "Oh, you do, do you?" ses Bill, turning on 'im like lightning; "well, take that for con-

tradictin'," he ses, an' he gave Ginger a smack that nearly knocked his 'ead off.

It was so sudden that old Sam and Peter put their beer down and stared at each other as if they couldn't believe their eyes. Then they stooped down and helped poor Ginger on to 'is legs agin and began to brush 'im down.

"Never mind about 'im, mates," ses Bill, looking at Ginger very wicked. "P'raps he won't be so ready to give me 'is lip next time. Let's come to another pub and enjoy ourselves."

Sam and Peter followed 'im out like lambs, 'ardly daring to look over their shoulder at Ginger, who was staggering arter them some distance behind a 'olding a handkerchief the barman came up and told 'im to take Bill outside.

"It's your turn to pay, Sam." "Go on," 'e ses, "cut with Bill, when they'd got in-'im."

side the next place "Wot's it to be? Give it a name."

"Three 'arf pints o' four ale, miss," ses Sam, not because 'e was mean, but because it wasn't 'is turn.

"Three wot?" ses Bill, turning on 'im.

"Three pots o' six ale, miss," ses Sam, in a hurry.

"That wasn't wot you said afore," ses Bill. "Take that," he ses, giving poor old Sam a wipe in the mouth and knocking 'im over a stool; "take that for your sauce!"

Peter Russet stood staring at Sam and wondering wot Bill ud be like when he'd 'ad a little more.

Sam picked himself up arter a time and went outside to talk to Ginger about it, and then Bill put 'is arm round Peter's neck and began to cry a bit and say 'e was the only pal he'd got left in the world. It was very awkward for Peter.

and more awkward still when he ses, as the cab drove off at a gallop; "there ain't room in this cab. You wait, my lad, that's all. You just wait till

"He's all right," ses Peter, trembling; "'e's the truest-arterd gentleman in London.

"Ain't you, Bill?"

Bill said he was, and 'e asked the barman to go and hide 'is face because it reminded 'im of a little dog 'e had 'ad once wot 'ad died.

"You get outside afore you're hurt," ses the barman.

Bill punched at 'im over the bar, and not being able to reach 'im, threw Peter's pot o' beer at 'im. There was a fearful to-do then, and the landlord jumped over the bar and stood in the doorway, whistling for the police. Bill struck out right and left, and the men in the bar went down like skittles. Peter among them. Then they got outside, and Bill, arter giving the landlord a thump in the back wot nearly made him swallow the whistle, jumped into a cab and pulled Peter Russet in arter 'im.

"I'll talk to you by-and-by," he ses, as the cab drove off at a gallop; "there ain't room in this cab. You wait, my lad, that's all. You just wait till

we get out, and I'll knock you silly."

"Wot for, Bill?" ses Peter, staring.

"Don't you talk to me," roars Bill. "If I choose to knock you about that's my business, ain't it? Besides, you know very well."

He wouldn't let Peter say another word, but coming to a quiet place near the docks he stopped the cab and pulling 'im out gave 'im such a dressing down that Peter thought 'is last hour 'ad arrived. He let 'im go at last, and after first making him pay the cabman, took 'im along till they came to a public-house and made 'im pay for drinks.

(To be continued to-morrow)

**Answers to Wangling Words—No. 602**

1. V-an.
2. DAME-IN, MAIDEN.
3. ArNOld.
4. Ramble, marble.

**JANE****SCREEN SHOTS**

**I**T is a dangerous life backstage at the Whitehall Theatre these days. A feature of Phyllis Dixey's "Peek-a-Boo" there is the table-tennis duel between Boros and De Courcy, which looks pretty strenuous from the stalls, but looks a dashed sight faster from the side of the stage when the little celluloid balls are flying.

This is the show where a lucky member of the audience plays ten points with Boros for a date with one of Jack Tracy's glamorous showgirls.

Wizard Boros still ensures girl buys her own supper.

**B**ACK from an overseas tour with E.N.S.A., Leslie Henson has opened at the Winter Garden with his revue, "The Gaieties." He is brilliantly supported by Hermione Baddeley, Walter Crisham and comedienne Avril Angers, and although there was a great deal too much material squeezed into the opening night, time should rapidly improve this show.

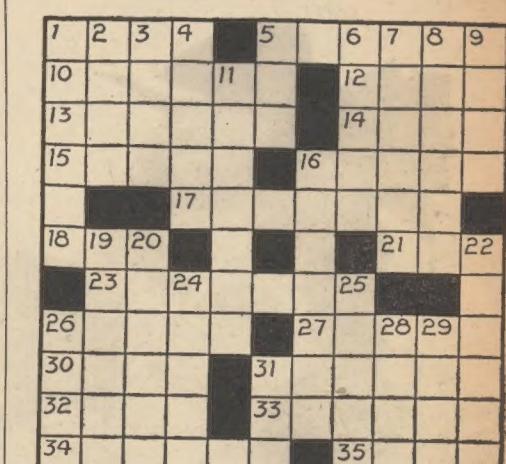


**R**APIDLY rising radio star is former Windmill Theatre comic, Michael Howard, of the pale face and shy manner, who has scored lately in several broadcasts. Howard has a really big future before him.

Another frequent broadcaster is Cliff Gordon, who can also be described as "late of the Windmill."

**CROSS-WORD CORNER**

CROCUS	CRAM
LAME	PLAICE
AVVERSE	SORT
WINE	LITTER
NAWLS	E E
BELLE	INDUS
UY	ELSE N
SCRAPE	GORE
MAIL	WEAVER
ARCADE	TEAR
NESS	SPENDS

**RUGGLES****GARTH****JUST JAKE**

—so I parted with my pack, but saved me honour... then I retired yes I retired I had practically skinned the Gertshires—

**CLUES ACROSS.**—1 Ship's spar. 5 Eastern governor. 10 Refer. 12 Had on. 13 Part of flower. 14 Poetically black. 15 Crouch. 16 First appearance. 17 Splits. 18 Horse. 21 Upholstery fabric. 23 Respective. 26 Scrap. 27 Musically together. 30 Frown. 31 Brave. 32 Vases. 33 Eatable. 34 Save. 35 Coloured.

**CLUES DOWN.**—1 Frenchman. 2 Vocalist. 3 Blemish. 4 Was angry. 5 Eastern coin. 6 Cloth. 7 Pirate. 8 Stir up. 9 Shut. 11 Obtained. 16 Widened. 19 On land. 20 Verbal noun. 22 Valued. 24 Poems. 25 Wan. 26 Run into one. 28 Mug. 29 Slang hat. 31 Edge.

# Good Morning

Here you are P.O. Albert Brookes. What do you think of these three pictures of that bouncing armful known as Christine? She looks a trifle belligerent in the first one, highly sceptical in the next and has turned on one of the sweetest smiles we have ever seen in the last. She must have heard that the pictures were for you.

Now here's an offer to all submariners who have bouncing armfuls at home. These pictures of little Christine Brookes were taken by "Good Morning" cameraman "Fuse" Wilson. He likes taking babies—and babies seem to like him. If you would like a photograph of your baby—just write in and we'll do our best to oblige.



There's enough steel in those corsets to build a battleship. And as she's Camille Clifford, the original Gibson Girl, we propose with your permission, to rechristen her—H.M.S. "Gibson Girl."



St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, was a Roman camp when the folk of these islands wore natty suits of woad and lived in caves. Now, of course, civilisation has laid its hand on St. Albans—and in St. Peter's Street alone there are a Woolworth's, a Home and Colonial and a Sainsbury's next door to one another. You lucky people!

## "BOOMPS-A-DAISY"

We may be wrong, of course—but we still think, when it comes to finding new ways of displaying legs and lingerie, our "Jane" is tops. That doesn't mean that we don't find this "skirt tease" by Ann Sothern quite fetching. We do—quite!

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"She's quite like Jane—from this angle!"

